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Intimate Stranger

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Intimate Stranger

ANONYMOUS

PHOTO: SUNNY XU

It's been six years and I still don't know you,
And with each year I feel your vessel move further from
shore.
I still hear your voice saying my name as if it's the first I
have ever heard.
I can visualize your hands,
Large palms with convex veins running up your firm bicep.
Your gentle gray eyes seem weary to me now.
I seldom see them, but when they meet my own the
encounter is brief.
I made up so much of your life to sooth the gaps in my
memory and feign intimacy.
I am deliriously curious about you with little cause or right.
It is true that no one's scripture will ever appear as
effortlessly meticulous as yours,
No one's smile will have an angle as puzzling to
mathematicians as your own,
And no one will see every street you have seen.
One day none of your details will matter.
One day I'll forget all of it.
One day I'll meet someone who will make me remember
something about you.
Your unforgiving sarcasm or the way you exude passion.
Something I will love him for.
And I will thank you for teaching me to see it in another
person.